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novel or poetry. In her twenty-third year she had already attained so great a reputation for artistic skill that Gabrino Fondolo, tyrant of Cremona, committed to her care the adornment of his palace. Onora would willingly have declined this equivocal honor, but the Marquis would listen to no refusal; and to excite the anger of a man at once so vindictive and so unscrupulous, was too fearful a risk.

"Onorata was not destined to labor long in the service of Fondolo. One day while occupied in painting the walls of one of the apartments, a courtier, notorious for his dissipated habits, entered the room, and offered some unjustifiable liberties. The young artist indignantly repulsed him, and on his returning to the charge, she seized a dagger she always wore concealed in her bodice, and stabbed him to the heart; then rushing from the palace, disguised herself in man's attire, and fled to the mountains, declaring she would rather perish in exile and a wanderer, but pure and untainted, than enjoy splendor and honor at home. The Marquis was furious; he sent soldiers in every direction in pursuit, with orders to bring her back alive or dead; but unable to find the place of her retreat, and finding no one capable of completing her labors, he promised full and entire pardon on condition of her instant return. Onorata, however, had effected her escape from his dominions. Retaining her disguise, she obtained admittance into one of the companies of Condottieri then infesting Italy, and by her courage and conduct soon rose to the post of captain. Her warlike spirit delighted in the independence and excitement of her new career; she refused to abandon it, and continued to fight and paint alternately for thirty years. In 1472 her native town, Castellione, was besieged by the Venetians. Onorata, at the head of her company, flew to its relief; she forced the enemy to raise the siege, but was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died a few days later."

Between 1590 and 1620 appeared many female artists, among the most celebrated of whom were Maria Robusto, daughter of Tintoretto, and the rival of Titian, and Irene di Spilimberg. Maria's talents were universally recognized and esteemed, Kings and emperors sought to allure her to their courts, but she rejected all their propositions, and lived and died at Venice beneath her father's roof, which, though married to a rich goldsmith, she never

quitted. Irene was born at Udina, of an ancient and noble race, and possessed such beauty and talent, that she was the theme of universal admiration. Tasso celebrated her in a sonnet. Titian, her master, immortalized her by his pencil, and an orator styled her the pride and delight of her age. Still, her performances do not equal her reputation, and as she died at the early age of eighteen, it is likely that her works were admired less for what they were than what they promised.

A notice of several other female celebrities sketched in the article quoted from, we must defer to another time.

ART GOSSIP.

THE Art world is rather quiet," in commercial parlance, as we write this. Artists are still "on the wing," over hill and dale, by the sea-shore, in the Chateauguay woods, or wherever a good sketch is to be had; while art-patrons are yet at the watering-places, or "abroad." It is therefore *dull* for the reporter; and until the studio's doors fly open, and the portfolios yield up the treasures of the "tramp," there will be little to gossip about.

One of the events of the summer has been the Exhibition, by Messrs. Williams & Stevens, of Herring's great work "The Village Blacksmith." It has now gone to Boston. The painting is pronounced one of the artist's finest works, and has received high eulogiums from the press and connoisseurs. The subscriptions to the large and truly superb engraving of the painting were very numerous, at the prices, viz.:—thirty dollars for artist proofs; twenty dollars for India proofs, before lettering. The painting and engraving, and all copyrights of both, have passed into the hands of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, as will be seen by reference to the Directory's prospectus. All will now have an opportunity for obtaining this choice engraving for *three* dollars. It will, doubtless, have a wide circulation, which it richly deserves, for it is certain that no similar work ever before was offered for so small a sum. The subject is one to render it very popular.

A veritable Rubens is said to be upon exhibition in Philadelphia. The *Evening Bulletin* does not, however, regard it as authentic. It says:—"In short it is the

work which a skillful copyist, familiar with Rubens, might have executed after a really *good* engraving rather than from the original itself, and this consideration somewhat perplexes us. As for all the brilliancy, transparency, &c., it is not there." It is a rare thing to find a well-authenticated old master-piece in this country. Good copies there are, in great plenty, but pure Raphaels, Titians, Correggios, Michael Angelos, Rubens, Vandykes, Del Sartos, Corraiccios, Murillos, Velasques, Da Vincis, are as scarce as—Broadway belles without hoops! The Cosmopolitan Art Association has in its collection for this year, some very choice and perfect copies of many of the old masterpieces in the galleries at Rome, Florence and Berlin. They form a perfect school for study in the various styles. It is one of the most pleasing exhibitions ever opened to the public, and certainly one of the best ever placed within easy reach of the people.

As a specimen of prices annexed to true originals of the old masters, we may here quote the record of the late sale of the effects of Mr. Hope, of Paris. The prices obtained for the pictures were as follows:—Landscape, by Claude, \$4,400. Hagar and Ishmael—F. Mole, \$1,000. A Water Mill and Landscape—Claude, \$8,100. Girl in a Red Bodice—Jan Steen, \$2,100. A Wouvermans, \$3,000. The Meadow, from the collection of the Duchess de Berri—Paul Potter, \$4,300. Holy Family, a copy from Rubens, \$840. The Music Lesson—Terburg, \$400. Dutch Interior, Stinglant, \$800. Fete Champetre—Decreecey, \$300. A Young Girl—Vandyke, \$420. Angel and Torbit—Karl du Jardin, \$600. Dappled Horse—Paul Potter, \$1,400. Portrait of a Young Girl—Greuze, \$1,125. Village on the Seacoast—Gadin, \$340. A Man in a White Shirt—Teniers, \$4,020. 16 paintings, amounting to \$33,145.

The prices of good pictures by modern masters may be inferred somewhat from the records of another late sale, made in London by the Messrs. Foster. We give some of the average sales:—A River Scene—J. Linnel, \$405. The Drove of Sheep—J. Linnel, \$1,360. The Kingfishers' Haunt—J. E. Millias, \$350. Italian Lake Scene—Richard Wilson, \$325. View in Devonshire—The late W. Muller, \$325. Birch Trees and Fern—H. M. Anthony, \$1,500. Autumn Leaves—J. E.

Millias, \$2,750. Blind Helen—W. L. Windus, \$1,250. Mary anointing the feet of Christ—William Etty, \$255. Wedding Cards—J. E. Millias, \$560. Hurley House on the Thames—J. W. M. Turner, \$625. View of the Tunnel Bridge—J. W. M. Turner, \$600. The Whale Ship—J. W. M. Turner, \$1,750. Van Tromp—J. W. M. Turner, \$2,700. Salt Ash, Cornwall—J. W. M. Turner, \$2,050. An old Oak in Landscape—J. Linnel, \$300. The Blind Girl—J. E. Millias, \$1,500. Landscape with Cattle—T. S. Cooper, A. R. A., \$1,010. First Class and Second Class—A. Solomon, \$1,100 each. Abraham and Isaac proceeding to the Sacrifice—J. F. Linnel, \$1,440. Lear and the Fool in the Storm—Dyce, \$500. Coast Scene near Hastings—C. Stansfield, \$800. The Village Bridal—H. M. Anthony, \$1,000.

Our readers may easily infer from these items what it costs to gather a gallery of good pictures. Water colors sold at the same time brought from \$250 to \$2450.

T. Buchanan Read, the poet and painter, has lately returned from Europe, and has opened in Philadelphia the "art treasures" that he brought with him, the result of several years' work in Italy. There is a picture of "Hiawatha's Wooings," a spirited Scripturoscene of "Jephtha's Return," a bold and striking picture, "Spirits of the Waterfall," as well as several smaller works, chiefly of fairy scenes.

Charles A. Stetson, Esq., of the Astor House, is the fortunate possessor of a full length crayon portrait of the "Sage of Marshfield," which represents him seated beneath a tree, and clad in his farmer costume, including the well-known white felt hat which now hangs above his portrait in the library at Marshfield. This picture has been considered by Mr. Webster's friends the most faithful and characteristic portrait extant.

The drawing of the engraving, "The Dispute of Raphael," by Prof. Keller, of Dusseldorf, has been purchased by the Berlin Cabinet for engraving, for the sum of 3000 thalers, and is now on exhibition.

The wife of M. Horace Vernet, the distinguished painter, recently died in Paris. He has now left but his two grandsons—children of his daughter, wife of Paul Delaroche, the gifted artist.

The original portrait of Hugh S. Legare, in possession of Mrs. Bullen, a sis-

ter of Mr. Legare, now residing in Iowa, is to be forwarded to Washington. A copy of it will be made by the artist, Stanley, and be added to the series of portraits of the Attorney Generals of the United States, designed to decorate the Attorney General's Department.

Ball, the sculptor, has lately made a statuette of Henry Clay. Edward Everett says of it:—"I have much pleasure in expressing the opinion that Mr. Ball has been successful in his statuette of Mr. Clay, as respects both the face and the person. The likeness is excellent, and the carriage of the figure true to life. It appears to me, in all respects, equal to the similar statuette of Mr. Webster."

Referring to the wonders of photographic discovery, Garabanti, in a late number of the American Journal of Photography, says:—"I was recently handed two small pieces of glass; in the centre of each was a dark object about a quarter of an inch square. In the centre of the square of one of them, by dint of close and painful examination, I discovered a speck about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, which bore somewhat the resemblance of a portrait or head. In the other was also a speck about one eighth of an inch, and some very minute specks in the one speck, but which I could not recognize as any particular object.

"By holding this first piece of glass up to the light, and looking through a powerful magnifier, I discovered a perfect portrait of about a sixth size, and in the other a group of five, equally perfect, of about half size. To what use might not this mode of photography be put? In war, the elaborate instruction might be carried in a button or head of pencil-case; and the General or Secretary of War needs but a magnifying glass to save the use of spies and men from hanging. *The whole archives of a nation might be packed away in a snuff-box!* Had the art been known in the time of Omar, destruction of the Alexandrian library would not have been a final loss."

Miss Landor, the Salem sculptor (or sculptress) has received a commission for a marble bust of Gov. Gore, for Harvard library, the likeness to be taken from Trumbull's portrait.

Mr. Ball, of Boston, has completed a model for an equestrian statue of Washington, which is mentioned with much praise.

The statue of James Otis, for Mount

Auburn, has arrived at Boston. It is from the chisel of the lamented Crawford.

S. S. Osgood, the artist, of whom many of our people retain pleasant recollections, has returned from a three years' visit to Europe, and opened a studio in New-York.

Church's "Niagara" has returned from abroad, and is again drawing crowds at the exhibition room of Messrs. Williams & Stevens, in New-York. The reputation of this work has greatly increased by its English tour. It is now regarded as the finest painting ever executed by any American artist. Such men as Church, Gignoux, the Harts, Mignot, &c., are achieving a noble work in the development of the American "school" of art.

Miss Landor's statuette of "Virginia Dare," came to this country, lately, from the artist's studio in Rome. The *Transcript*, of Boston, thus refers to it:—"It is about three feet and a half high, and represents Virginia Dare, the first white person born on the American continent, as she looked when standing on the shores of the great lakes, with the surging sound of the waves in her ears, and vague memories of her childhood's far-off home in her heart. She stands on the sandy beach, her fine head erect, and her folded hands resting upon the fishing-net, which is gracefully drawn around her for drapery. Indian ornaments are on her arms and neck, and a beach-bird, the pet and companion of the young Indian maidens, is by her side. This statue, *en petite*, is full of originality and sentiment."

James M. Hart has returned to his studio, in Dodworth's Building, from his tour among the New-England hills and valleys, with a portfolio heavily *charged* with good things. His studies have been very severe and protracted, as several canvasses which he has finished up, testify. His winter's work must serve to advance his reputation measurably.

Tait has also come in from northern New-York, where many weeks have been spent in a real hunter's life. His sketch-book is filled with wood and water life. May he live long enough to paint them all, and many more besides! His dogs, and quail, and grouse, have become a kind of necessity to every well-ordered room.

A private letter says Leutze has a picture in the gallery at Dusseldorf, entitled "Columbus Departing for America." He has been made a professor in the academy.